

## HERE AND THERE.

Miss Annie Rawls, of Montbrooke, visited Ocala yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rush, of Dunnellon, were among the Montezuma's guests yesterday.

Merchant J. M. Neely, of Oklawaha, visited Marion's metropolis yesterday.

Mrs. F. E. Haskell, is one of Lake Weir's guests to Ocala. She is reversing the order of things.

Mrs. Norwood and daughter, Miss Laura Norwood, have gone to Daytona to visit relatives for several weeks.

Mr. John Leman has gone to Jacksonville where he has accepted a position with the Southern Bell Telephone company.

Mr. Fred Gaskill is at home after an absence of several months spent at his old home in Missouri and Battle Creek, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Condon and Mr. D. S. Woodrow went down to Woodmar yesterday to spend a few days on beautiful Lake Weir.

Mr. Thomas M. Phillips, of Berlin, was among the strangers in Ocala yesterday. He did not forget his loyalty to Marion's favorite newspaper.

Mr. J. E. Howell, the successful lumber man of Istachatta, has been in the city on business for several days, returning home yesterday.

Ocalians who have been spending the summer in all sections of the universe are slowly wending their way homeward.

Mr. J. W. Crosby, who has a large turpentine farm in South Florida, was here yesterday. His family are spending the summer in the mountains of North Carolina.

Mr. D. S. Anderson, manager of the Ocala Foundry and Machine Works, went down to Lake Weir yesterday to spend a few days with his family at Camp Freeman.

Mr. John Sullivan and his sister, Miss Pauline Sullivan, who have been visiting their father in Americus, Georgia, are now in Jacksonville, the guests of the Misses DeCottes.

Miss Lanie Carlton, who has been visiting the family of her uncle, Mr. R. A. Carlton, in this city for the past two months, returned to her home in Arcadia yesterday.

Mr. B. H. Chase, of Gainesville, is in the city representing the Cable Company. Messrs. Harper & Chase are hustlers and recently placed a car load of Cable instruments in Ocala.

Mr. D. A. Miller is the guest of Mr. Charles Mathews at East Lake Weir for a few days, and Mrs. Miller is at Dunnellon with her mother, Mrs. Fletcher, who is quite ill.

Mr. C. W. Josephs, proprietor of the Verona Inn at Clearwater, is a guest at the Montezuma. Mr. Josephs is also largely interested in the cooerage business at Leesburg, and reports business fine at present.

Editor L. J. Brumby has opened a handsome set of offices in the Union block for the Florida Fruit and Truck Grower. This journal is improving with each issue and is destined to become a great factor in its line in Florida.

## OFF FOR NEW YORK.

Mr. Marcus Frank, head of the house of Frank & Harris, left last night for New York where he goes to purchase the fall and winter goods for the Variety Store.

This store opened its doors in February last, and no store ever in Ocala in so short a time, has built up so fine a reputation or has used printer's ink as an auxiliary so profitably.

The firm now has more cash and a larger line of credit and Mr. Frank will return with as fine and varied line of goods as has ever been exhibited in Ocala.

He is a born merchant and the firm is compelling success because it has started out with the motto, that to those who make business a study there is no such word as fail.

## THE WILD FLOWERS OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA.

Something of the Flaming Ornaments of Nature Which Give to Our State Its Name.

(C. D. C. in Jacksonville Metropolis.)

First, there comes our much loved flower, the yellow jessamine, covering tree and trellis with its own dark green robing leaves. Every leaf, flower, and tendril a thing of gracefulness, and sending its wonderful perfume that seems the fragrant breath of many springtimes on the wings of the wind.

Then the azalia, whose sturdy branches are crowned with its wealth of delicate feathery pink and white blossoms that are sharing their own dainty fragrance with all around them.

The little Easter lilies in their pink and white dresses that border all our streams and are gathered in such sheaves to help in the Easter decorations along with their more stately relatives, the cultivated Easter and calla lilies. And the blue flag, that gladdens the eye and dwells in such friendliness with the little Easter lilies and brings to the mind of every thinking reader the many stories in history and fiction in which this little flower or one of its relatives under many different names have figured.

Then there is the violet, the buttercup, the star flower, the dogwood, as well as the water, and pond lilies, and amaryllis or scarlet lily, that each have a beauty of their own.

And we must not forget our beautiful, great creamy magnolia, with its smaller sister, the sweet bay, both sending out their own fragrance like a special incense for the Easter time. Later comes the hibiscus that gives the touch of brilliancy to the gray green of the marshes. Did you ever note the lights and shadows of the marsh on a warm, sunny afternoon, with its splashes of color made by the hibiscus? It is an atmosphere that would make the name of any artist that could catch it. Marshes may be unhealthy and get in the way of business, but they can be very beautiful to the artist eye.

Then, there is the tall, proud Spanish bayonet, whose sharp elbows always seem to say, "Hands off." Cold and haughty, never sending out the least little ring of good cheer from its many little bells, never nodding and gossiping together like other flowers with every passing breeze. I wonder if it does not get lonely sometimes?

And that queer flower, the mullen hyacinth, with its great bunch of gray-green downy leaves, from the center of which spring from ten to twenty spikes of flowers like hyacinths, each little flower from the deepest scarlet in its throat to the palest lavender on its outer edge.

The royal poinciana, and deservedly called royal, for could there be anything more stately or graceful than this pyramid of bloom nestled in the lacy fern-like leaves of its foliage? It gives one a sense of mystery, like the mysterious Everglades whence it comes.

And in contrast to this is the little sand star that grows so close to the ground you have to take roots and all to gather it. The first time I ever saw this little flower it was half covered by a neglected grave, and outside of its beauty it has always had a warm place in my heart ever since.

And our wayside coffee bean and fennel. Nothing could be more daintily graceful than the former, with its pale green foliage and yellow and white flowers, or the latter, with its gray-green veil of nodding, swaying branches. And later comes the goldenrod that makes sunshine even in shady places. There are over thirty varieties of this flower in Florida, I am told.

The purple aster, black-eyed Susans, ironweed, euphorbias, and more than a dozen everlasting that I have no name for. And last, but not least, is that troublesome but beautiful flower, the water hyacinth. A friend to whom I have just read this, and she is one who has traveled over almost all parts of the state and gone into many of its byways, said: "But you have not mentioned the wild roses, nor the many beautiful varie-

ties of air plants, the moonflower, that covers the trees that border many of our streams with its white or pink or blue spotted veil. Then there is the myrtle that carpets the ground under certain varieties of trees and spreads great patches over the low prairies that look like pale blue rugs laid out by some careful home-maker to air. And there is the pink and purple columbine, the dwarf larkspur, the golden clover, and so many others that I cannot think of now." But she has promised some time in the near future to put on her "thinking cap" and write us another chapter on this fragrant theme.

## BELLEVIEW

Special to the Ocala Banner:

Frank Washburn has come home from West's mills to attend school.

Mrs. J. N. Shedd has been quite ill for a week and is not yet able to be up.

Mr. Tremere has put a warehouse for the storage of cotton in the rear of his Dunn avenue lot.

Mr. Bradley, the new section "boss" who succeeds J. H. Boulware, arrived here yesterday with his wife and three children, and is located at Mr. Ridges' until he can find a house to live in.

Our graded school under the leadership of Prof. Green, assisted by Miss Sophie Reinhoel, is well under way with forty-five scholars. It began two weeks earlier than usual for the sake of those who are obliged to leave in the springs to help at home on the farm or other work.

Rev. S. C. Sullivan was very pleasantly surprised last Friday night by an invasion of the public upon his domain, in honor of his seventy-sixth birthday. Of course they brought him a birthday cake, and lots of congratulations; and "pounded" him with grocer's stuff, and cake and cream that they brought with them, and wished him "many happy returns." Mrs. Shedd read "The Minister's Donation" and Mrs. Tremere, the thoughtful originator of the visitation, read and sang humorous selections. J. Ashworth having recently reached his 67th birthday, was also remembered in the presentation of a cake and a useful present.

Mrs. Sullivan, after her recent illness, is able to be about, though still weak and far from well.

## DAISY

Special Correspondence Ocala Banner.

Rain has slacked up in our section and the mosquitoes have taken its place.

School commenced Monday at Marshville with twenty scholars enrolled and more to come in later.

The school is in care of Mr. Pedrick.

Mr. C. A. Martin and wife visited the Brick City last week.

Mr. J. B. Waldron has purchased a farm in the Oxford section and has moved his family.

Mr. Noah Waldron is moving to the Ruben Hines place at Ft. McCoy.

Mr. H. A. Marsh spent Sunday with Mr. A. B. Albritton.

Miss Lottie Marlow visited Mrs. Ema Goolsby, of Grahamville last week.

Fishing is the order of the day.

## Married at Grahamville.

Mr. Preston Goolsby and Miss Daisy Johnson, of Grahamville, were united in marriage last Sunday at the home of the bride by Rev. B. I. Hull.

In sending in this pleasing bit of information Mr. Hull says:

"The groom is the son of an old pioneer of Florida, Peter Goolsby, long since called to his reward, a farmer and stockman. The bride is the daughter of Eli Johnson, and is a charming woman. Our wishes are that the best of consequences may attend their efforts in life; may the thorns be few but the roses many in life's pathway."

Gen. John A. Fite, of Lebanon, Tenn., who spends a good deal of his time at Clearwater, will be the guest of Capt. W. L. Ditto shortly. General Fite and Captain Ditto are fast friends and their friendship dates back to the civil war when they spent many months together as prisoners of war on Johnsons Island. They meet occasionally and swap reminiscences of those days long ago.

## Woodmar on-the-Lake.

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker or some other equally necessary-to-our-existence individual in sending a parcel to Woodmar addressed it to "Woodmar—the Garden Spot of Lake Weir." The author of this sentiment is possessed of, not only an eye trained to appreciate the beauties of nature, but a pen that voices the thought of everyone who has seen Woodmar.

Woodmar may not be the garden spot of the world—the question is still open for discussion—but no one can name a rival spot in this "Sunny Land of Flowers." Situated on a high bluff (we won't say how high because we did not come down to things material long enough to measure) of red sandstone, whose wall is one of Dame Nature's realized dreams covered as it is by mosses, lichens, grass and oaks, with here and there a touch of "the guiding hand of man" in the shape of a pretty stairway leading up to the home of one whose happiness is not in the "howling mob" of latter day civilization, but is found "near to Nature's heart" where the only sound that disturbs the infinite peace is the lapping of the waters of Lake Weir on the shore just below.

It is not generally known that the name "Lake Weir" is but another example of this prosaic age—another evidence that poetry, romance, and sentiment are giving place to the trend of modern laconics. Lake Weir was originally named "Amas Kohegan" for an Indian chief and the name means "Bright Moon Water." One man can picture in fancy the dusky Red Men as they first saw the bright moonlit lake and named it "Amas Kohegan" in honor of their chief.

In crossing the lake from the west side the first thing to strike the eye as one nears Woodmar is the two pavilions on the water just a little way from the shore—the one belonging to Blair Villa and the other to the site reserved for the hotel. This site is possibly the best in Woodmar, commanding as it does the most expansive view of the lake.

It is said even nature can be improved by modern art and one believes this when the future of Woodmar is described by its owner. Even an ordinary imagination can picture a veritable Eden whose beauty and renown will be the pride of every Floridian.

It may be that Woodmar was seen through a rosy lens by the writer but any one would see it the same having been a guest at Blair Villa, the lake shore home of the owner of Woodmar, and having enjoyed the genuine hospitality of one who makes his guests feel that they are giving him a pleasure rather than being the recipient of a very great one. Woodmar once seen needs no words to tell its story.

However obscure its past or how bright its future, Woodmar has been and will ever be, until "the world is old and the stars grow cold," the home of infinite peace and rest.

Woodmar-on-Lake "Amas Kohegan" forever! A VISITOR.

## PINE PENCILS.

Special Correspondence Ocala Banner.

Mr. Blassengame has returned from a business trip in West Florida.

Mr. A. P. Monroe is expected home from South Carolina this week, where he has been visiting relatives. One of his relatives—a young lady—will return with him.

J. R. Thomas went to Ocala Thursday.

Miss Sallie Sawyer, of Brooksville, is visiting relatives here this week.

Much preparation is being made to make the barbecue at Fort McCoy a howling success Saturday. Several speeches will be made by the county officials and newspaper men. Indications are that this will be the big gest success in the picnic history of Fort McCoy.

Tom Perry is preparing land for the setting out of a large strawberry field.

Mrs. Brice, of Port Inglis, is with her mother, Mrs. L. B. Jordan, for the summer months.

Robert Shortridge has his saw mill in operation between Pine and Citra. Hon. Ed L. Wartmann is putting in a nice vegetable farm near Shortridge's mill.

Remember the barbecue, Fort McCoy, Saturday 26th.

## Broward All Right but Has Bad Advisers.

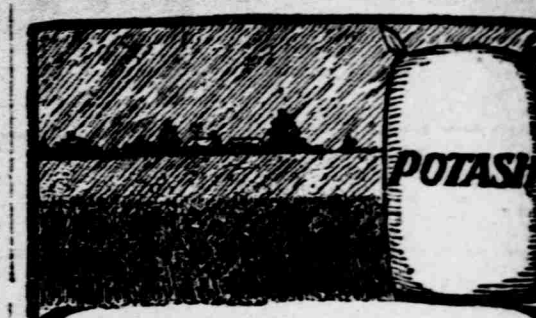
It is generally believed that Governor Broward made a home strike last week, toward getting rid of much of the talk of graft that has been going on at Tallahassee for the past several years. When the governor uses his own judgment about affairs good results are sure to follow, but there are several people in the capital building who can give more bad advice in one day than Governor Broward and his real friends can explain away in a month.—Madison Reporter.

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Blue Hen Matches Per Pkg.	15 Cents
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25 Cent Bucket Cottoline	20 "
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